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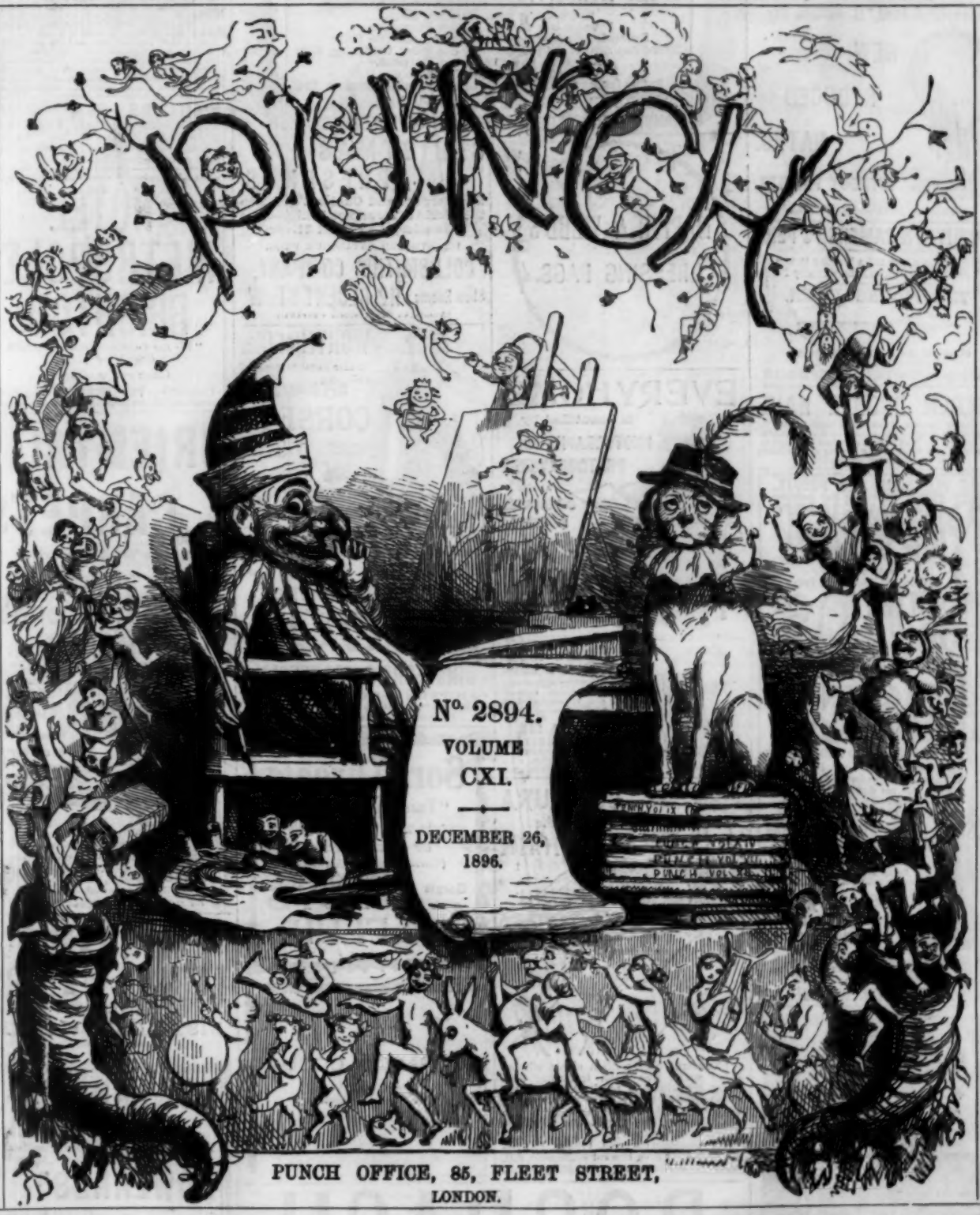

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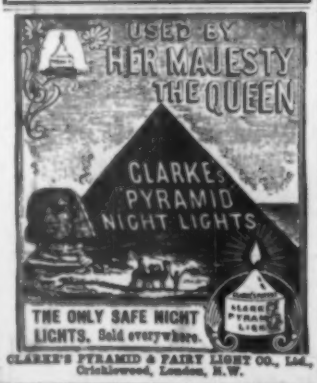

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NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

EXEUNT OMNES. (THEY ALL GO OFF.)

HARRY'S OWN HOLIDAY LETTER.

DEAR PARIENTS,
I'm happy to tell you (*I am!*
And "happiness" here is my own "real jam,"
And not old McWollupum's annual treacle,
Or mawkish molasses of clammy old Creakle!)
That term's at an end! (*Ah! and ain't I just glad!*)
My progress this half has been—well, not half bad,
Considering what an exacting old beast
McWollupum *is!* (*Oh! the wind's in the East,*
And our fire is gone out, and my fingers are numb,
And I'm "joggled" by Juniper Minor (my chum),
So please excuse blunders and blots!) I do trust
You will deem I have tried (*And oh! haven't I just!*)
To do honour to you, and myself and the school
Of McWollupum, M.A. (*Conceited old fool!*
He will stick the alfabet after his name!)
My average is top one (*I mean at the game*
Of cricket, in batting; and as for the ball,
I have made all but Sloggerson Major look small)
And if I'm not top of my form, (*which I ain't,*
But tenth,) I do hope (*though the hope's precious faint*)
To do better next term. (*This one has been a twister.*
But Bolderson says that his beautiful sister—
Oh, isn't she scrumptious?—declares that my "form"
As bow in our boat is A 1.) It will warm
Your parential buzzums. (*Oh well, scratch that out!*
Saps so fuss about spellin' and style!) But no doubt
You will mark much improvement in—oh, lots o' ways,
In your dutiful son, but you know that self praise
Is no recomendation. (*Should that have two c's,*
Or two m's? English spellin's a horrible tease.
It's just like playing cricket without any laws!)
Hope this weather will last, and that no beastly thaws
Will bunnick up skating! (*That word's from the Greek.*
Ju says give the root! But what thunderin' cheek!
As if you didn't know, dear papa! Well, I think
I need not scribble more, and this bothering ink
Is as thick as old boots. Oh! the holidays last
(*If you must call it lasting, they do go so fast!*)
Till the fourteenth of Feb. when we boys must resume
Our studies (*wuss luck!*). I feel quite in a fume
To see your dear faces, and "Spot," the new colt,
And Mary, and mother's mince-pies. I could bolt
To-night, but for Wollupum's watchfulness. Well!
Hooray for the holidays! I've lots to tell,
But oh! bother *writing* it. Good news will tarry,
So *au reservoir!* Your affectionate
HARRY.

ON Y REVIENT TOUJOURS.

(*A Christmas Letter—with reflections.*)

DEAR NANCY, as in days of old,
I'm sending you a Christmas-box—
If you will let me make so bold—
Containing French assorted "chocs."
All girls are fond of chocs, they say,
And sweets and such unwholesome messes—
(How many boxes, in my day,
I've sent to—various addresses!)
"Sweets to the sweet"—you know the rule—
I think it's been applied before
By me (and many another fool)
To you (and other girls galore).
Sweet tooth sweet temper, too, you know,
So don't be cross or supercilious,
Sweets never used to make you so,
Or anything but pleased. (Or bilious.)
So please accept my Christmas gift—
I think you will—for Auld Lang Syne!
(That dear old tag! It's given a lift
To similar appeals of mine!)
For years our friendship we have nursed
(Love's dangerous pitfall lightly skirting),
And I am grateful. (NANCY first
Taught me the gentle art of flirting.)
I've not forgotten yet—have you?—
One jolly Christmas at the Hall,
Those old charades, the skating, too,
And Twelfth Night and the servants' ball;
The holly wreaths—we made a pile,
I helped you with the decorations,
And pricked my fingers with a smile—
(And *sotto voce* objurgations).
Ah, well, since then we've had our fling,
(Perhaps we've neither taken hurt),
But, NANCY, was it quite the thing
To accuse me now of being a flirt?
It may be so (it is, by Jove!)
But I confess, it raised my mettle
To hear *you* say so! (On the stove
The pot likewise maligns the kettle.
Perhaps that's better left unsaid—
I won't retort!) Of course I know
You're all that's good, a model maid—
Whilst I'm a gay *Lothario.*
Yet let the butterfly live his day,
Sweet sins from every flower quaffing—
Don't break him on the wheel, I pray!
(I wonder if she'll see I'm chaffing.)
At any rate, he's sending you
Good wishes—ill expressed, but still
His best good wishes (so I do!)—
With kind regards or—what you will,
Yours ever—(There's my autograph.
"Yours ever" might mean much. I fancy
Just now it means I'm more than half
In love again with you, dear NANCY!)

An Alphabetical Problem Solved.

I ASKED at this glad season,
Why your love I once thought true?
And at last I know the reason
That I fancied Y was U.

THE TRUE METHOD OF ENJOYING A SKATE (*from our own gastronomist*).—*Au beurre noir.*

TO REJECTED CONTRIBUTORS.—"Chestnuts" are now in season, but *Mr. Punch* declares he is not "taking any."

THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DISH THIS CHRISTMAS.—Turkey stuffed with promises.

NEW IRISH DUET[1]

Small Irish Farmer and Noble Landlord sing—

[LANDLORD AND TENANT, THOUGH CAT AND DOG, WE
ARE BOTH OF ONE MIND WHEN WE WANT *£ S. D.*"

[Lord CASTLETOWN, at the meeting held in Cork, December 12, to consider the report of the Royal Commission on the Financial Relations between England and Ireland, said, "We have the honour of sounding the keynote in this contest." . . . "We have on our side the right of a nation that has been wronged." . . . "He would ask statesmen, inclined to stand in the way of peace with honour, to pause and think solemnly and seriously of what a nation such as a United Ireland could do when her very life depended upon the result of the contest." Mr. HEALY, M.P., seconded the second resolution.]

SPORTIVE SONGS.

Santa Claus-up-to-date presides at an International Christmas-Tree.

For the Queen here's a Coronal sixty years old,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
With the jewels of Empire is studded its gold,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
There are pearls in it shining with sorrow and tears,
There are gems that we set with the trials of years,
But the Koh-i-noor-Love makes all joy of our fears,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

For a President. Long may he "sound money" ring!
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
And never JOHN BULL try to bait with its ring,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
What! a picture, a drama, a poem, a glee,
A large box of soldiers, a fleet for the sea,
And all labelled, "For WILHELM, who lives on the Spree,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

Here's a true lover's knout, of a Muscovite make,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
Madame France will the delicate offering take,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
And lo! here's another gift lettered "with care,"
The Box of Pandora, I vow and declare!
But of raising the lid let fair Madame beware,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For the CZAR!" runs this legend in letters of white,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
On a card that should make European delight,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
'Tis a Dove that has nestled a fierce bear beside,
He surveys her with ardour and courage and pride,
So the Peace of the World is the Autocrat's bride,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

It is here! I must give it to whom it belongs,
With no laugh and no lilt and no merry-go-round!
A Chaplet of Horrors, a Garland of Wrongs,
With no laugh and no lilt and no merry-go-round!
It is bound fast with ribbon of funeral black
That betokens the sword, and the scourge, and the rack.
"For the SULTAN!" but with it there's gaping the Sack,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For Italy," MENELEK's "Peacemaking Rope,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
"For Austria," packets of "Bosnian Soap,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
"For Spain!" a new brand of Havana cigar,
With a quick, certain cure for Manilla catarrh,
And for Egypt the game of "Be just as we are,"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

"For our Premier," a glove that's of velvet and steel,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
"For the Hermit of Ha'rden" new lines for his reel,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
Here's a present for "ARTHUR," of "Office Long Lease,"
Here's another for "JOE," "British Empire Increase,"
And for HARCOURT a sauce for both ganders and geese,
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!
While there're those to be found
Who re-echo the sound
Of this gift to the Mill-i-on—"Plenty and Peace!"
With a laugh and a lilt and a merry-go-round!

How the Earthquake took Some People.

Mrs. Joskin (at 5.35 A.M., December 17). There you are, HENRY ADOLPHUS, as usual, shaking all the furniture about, coming to bed at these wicked and pernicious hours.

(And although HENRY ADOLPHUS had been slumbering by her side since midnight, Mrs. J., even now, will have none of the English Earthquake theory.)

Short but not Sweet.

Occasionally-Rejected Contributor (to Mr. P-nch's Editor, facetiously). I suppose your occupation is always cutting jokes, eh?

Mr. P.'s Editor. I cut *yours*. You generally send 'em in too long. [*Exit rejected one.*

SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. IV.

Carol Singers:—

"OH, REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMAN,
MAY NOTHING YOU DISMAY!"

THE CONUNDRUM OF CORUNDUM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read that corundum has been discovered by Professor W. E. FERRIER in Canada! The *Echo* says:

"The value of corundum depends entirely on its abrasive power, and can be easily determined by taking a piece of plate-glass, previously weighed, placing on it a weighed portion of the sample to be tested, rubbing the material on the glass until the glass ceases to lose in weight: the total loss of weight gives the abrasive power of the sample."

Is "corundum" a new sort of whiskey? Anyway, I know that an exceedingly interesting experiment of a similar nature can be made with the common or Highland liquid and an ordinary tumbler. Having filled the latter with the former, you weigh the same, and then press your lips to the glass until the glass ceases to lose in weight by the abrasion: the total loss of weight gives the abrasive power of the sample as in the case of corundum. This is an excellent Christmas and New Year amusement. Yours for self and corundum, HAMISH MCHAGGIS.

Whaup Lodge, Bonnie Blinkie, N.B.

A SEASONABLE REFLECTION AT A PANTOMIME.

Clown (on stage). Here we are a-gain!

Sour Pittite (morosely). But at any other time of year you would be a loss! Yah!

[*Leaves the Harlequinade to its own devices.*

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHANCE.—A losing as well as a winning hazard at billiards always replenishes the pocket.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXXII.

Containing the conclusion of the whole matter, and (which many Readers will receive in a spirit of chastened resignation) Mr. Jabberjee's final farewell.

Queen's Bench Court, No. ——. 2 P.M.

HON'BLE JUSTICE HONEYGALL is now summing-up, in such very nice, chatty, confidential style that it is impossible to hear one half of his observations, while the remainder is totally inaudible. . . . . Nevertheless, I already gather that he regards the affair

with the restricted narrowminded view that it is simply the question of damages. . . . He appears to be now discussing whether my testimony that I am of such excessive natural funkiness as to be intimidated by a few threats into my matrimonial engagement is humanly credible. . . . I cannot at all comprehend why, at his frequent references to my alleged tiger-slaughters—which, with shrewd commonsense sapience, he seems to consider mere ideally fabricated fibs and fanciful yarns—the whole Court should be so convulsed with unmeaning merriment, nor why so stern a Judge does not make any attempt to check such disorderly interruptions. . . .

So far as my imperfect hearing can ascertain, he has been instructing the jury that they may utterly dismiss from their minds my highly ingenious plea of inability to offer any other kind of matrimony than a polygamous union—surely, a very, very slipshod off-hand method of disposing of such a nice sharp quillet of the Law! . . . He is talking to them about my means, and has thrown out a rather apt suggestion that I may have been led by sheer vaingloriousness and Oriental love of hyperbole into exaggerating my resources. . . . However, he "sees no reason to doubt my competence to pay a reasonable amount of damages"—an opinion with which I am not so pleased. "If the jury think me a gay sort of Hindoo deceiver, who has heartlessly trifled with the affections of a simple, unsuspecting English girl, that will lead them to award substantial damages. If, on the other hand, they consider myself an inexperienced Oriental ninnyhammer of a fellow, who has been entrapped into an engagement by an ambitious, artful young woman—why, that may incline them to inflict a merely nominal penalty." (But why, I should like to know, does a Judge, who is infinitely more capable than a dozen doltish jurymen to express a decided opinion, thus put on the double-faced mask of ambiguity, and run with the hare and halloo with the hounds, like some Lukeworm from Laodicea?) . . . Now he is mentioning "certain circumstances, which he is bound to tell the jury have made a strong impression on his own mind." . . . . Alack, that, owing to the incorrigible mumbling of his diction, I cannot succeed in ascertaining what these said circumstances are! . . . . He has begun (I think) to discourse concerning my latest offer of marriage in open Court. What a pity that hon'ble judges should not study to acquire at least ordinary proficiency in such a simple affair as Elocution!

"It may strike you, gentlemen, that if the plaintiff had any genuine affection for the defendant, or any actual intention of linking her lot with his, she would——" (the rest is a severe mumble!) "Or again, you may take into consideration——" (but precisely *what* they are to take is, to myself, a dumb show!). "Still, after making every possible allowance for the idealising effects of the tender passion upon the female judgment, I confess I find it a little difficult to persuade myself that——" (Again I am not in at the finish—but, from the bristling and tossing of JESSIMINA'S hat-plumes, I am in great hopes that it contained something complimentary to myself.) . . . . He has just concluded with the observation that, "after what they have seen and heard of the defendant during the proceedings, the jury should find little difficulty in arriving at a fairly accurate estimate of the loss which a young lady of British birth and bringing-up would sustain by her failure to secure such a husband."

From the last it is clear that his hon'ble lordship meant that, in secret, he has the highest opinion of my merits, though he entirely overlooked the obvious fact that he would have better carried out his benevolent and patronising intentions towards me by affecting (just now) to consider me only a worthless poor chap. But even the most subtly-trained European intellects are curiously backward in such elementary chicaneries!

3 P.M.—The jury are assembling their heads. They seem generally agreed—except a couple of stout ones who are lolling back and listening with mulish simpers. If I were certain that they were fellow-colleagues from *Punch*, I would encourage them by secret signs to persevere—but who knows that they may not be partisans of the plaintiff? If so, they deserve to be condignly punished for such obstinate dullheadedness. . . . The foreman has asked that they may retire, whereupon Justice HONEYGALL answers them "certainly," and retires his own person contemporaneously. . . .

3.15 P.M.—The jury are still absentees. In reply to my questions, my solicitor says that, as far as he can see, the damages can't be under £250, and may amount to a cold "Thou" (or thousand)! Adding that, if I had only let him brief WITHERINGTON, Q.C., I might have got off with £50, or even what is nominally called a farthing. But I say to him, in such a case how could I possibly have acquired any forensic distinction? To which he has no reply ready.

3.30.—The jury are still delayed by the two stouts. I have just attempted to chat over the affair with JESSIMINA and Madame MANKLETOW, and ascertain whether the former will not accept myself at eleventh hour as payment in full of all damages, costs, &c. Mrs. M. replies that the jurymen are notoriously in favour of her daughter, and that she would as soon see her in gates of grave as the bride of a black man. On closer approach to JESSIMINA, I have made the rather disenchanting discovery that she has rendered her nose lilac from too much superfluity of face-powder. Perhaps, after all, the damages may not be so very . . . The jury are coming back. Hon'ble Judge is fetched hurriedly. . . . Mister Associate asks: "Have you agreed upon your verdict?" Answered that they have. "Do they find for plaintiff or defendant?" "For plaintiff." And the damages? "*Twenty-five Thou!!!*" My stars! O Gemini! Who 'd have thought it? My Progenitor will never pay the piper for such an atrociously cacophonous tune. . . . I am a done-for!

3.35.—All right. I was deceived by aural incorrectness. It is not twenty-five *thou.*—but twenty-five *pounds!*

3.45.—Hiphussar! Cockadoodledoo! A mere bite from a flea! . . . . The plaintiff has fallen into hystericals from disappointed avariciousness. . . . There is some idle talk about costs following the event, and certifying for a special jury—a luxury for which it seems I am not to fork out. The case is over.

* * * * * * *

Outside in the corridor and hall I was the cynosure of neighbouring eyes, and vociferously applauded as a "good old nigger," and told that "now they *shouldn't* be long," though for what else they were waiting I could not learn. Madame MANKLETOW did overtake me near the doors and invite me to tea and

talk in a coffee and bun establishment, hinting that she had recently misunderstood the state of her daughter's heart, and that she had in reality been ardently desirous from the first to accept my offer. To which I replied that the gates of grave were now hermetically closed, and that the plaintiff, like the fabulous canine, had thrown away the meaty bone of a first-class opportunity in exchange for the rather flimsy and shadowy form of a twenty-five pound note. But, as a chivalrous, I refrained from saying that I had been thus totally put off by an over-powdered nose.

Then I proceeded, amidst cheering populaces, up Chancery Lane to a certain Bar, wherein young HOWARD regaled myself and solicitor very handsomely upon anchovy sandwiches and champagne-wine, after which I returned to Hereford Road full of ovation and cheerfulness.

It is practically certain that my sire, the Mooktear, will cock-a-hoop with paternal pride on hearing by telegram of my moral victory, and celebrate same with fireworks and festivities, besides sending ample remittances for all costs out of pocket, &c.

So I am now to return shortly to Calcutta, when my time will be too exclusively taken up with forensic triumphs for any further jotting or tittling for *Punch*, or similar periodicals.

After all, for a fellow who is able to enchant multitudes, and persuade their intellects and reasoning faculties by dint of golden verbolatory of diction, mere sedentary journalism is a very mediocre and poorly-paid pursuit!

Notwithstanding my cessation as a contributor, I shall, on arriving in India, infallibly recommend *Punch* to all my innumerable aunts, families, and friends, as a highly respectable periodical—provided that the munificent and free-hearted generosity of those Hon'ble Misters, the Editor and Proprietors, shall account me worthy to draw a monthly retiring pension for my distinguished services.

And, with prostrated respects to my honoured readers and their respective relatives, I have the honour to remain, ever and anon,

Their Excellencies most grateful, humble, and obedient servant,

H. B. J.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SAYS our Critical Baronitess, who has taken in hand *The Flame, Flower, and other Stories*, written and illustrated by JAMES F. SULLIVAN (J. M. DENT & Co.), "Its most amusing story is the 'Lost Idea,' evidently suggested by a well-known song, '*He always came Home to Tea.*'"

Prince Boohoo and Little Smuts, by HARRY JONES, is a modern fanciful romance for children. Science has upset our primitive fairies. Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE, who comes out strong in the ever-fascinating story of *Undine*, published by GARDNER, DARTON & Co. *Sintram and His Companions* is another exotic from the forcing-house of the above-mentioned Gardner.

Aforesaid Baronitess writes, "I had thought the morals of the naval profession unimpeachable, until, in *Fifty-Two Stories of the British Navy*, edited by ALFRED MILES (HUTCHINSON & Co.), I discovered that our maritime supremacy started with a 'd-mme,' and ended, temporarily, at 'Trafalgar,' when 'Duty,' with a big D, became the watchword of 'Victory.'"

The proverbial "two" used to be "company," but, nowadays, it is considered more exclusive to have an odd number. *Three Girls in a Flat*, by ETHEL F. HEDDLE, might be relatives of our old friends *Three Men in a Boat*.

The Rose of Allandale, by GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. (DIGBY, LONG & Co.), starts with the startling assertion that it is a sensational story of love and crime. Anticipation fully realised for those who like the undiluted, gory romance. The language is somewhat of the pure Adelphian Academic style, which is a bit out of the author's usual line.

Butter Scotia; or, A Cheap Trip to Fairyland, by His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY. A sort of Fairy COOK'S personally-conducted tour, following a little in the steps of our dear old friend, *Alice in Wonderland*. The only comparatively new acquaintance is a golfing ogre. Fairyland has had to succumb to the fatal fascination of the niblick and the putter. A giant of Butter-Scotch extraction would hardly be complete without his clubs and links. It is excellently illustrated by ARCHIE MACGREGOR. If offered the book, don't say, "Not for Nuts," but go to NUTT'S (DAVID NUTT'S) and get it.

To those who love a laugh, and who, among the Baron's friends, does not, whether at his own or somebody else's expense, latter for choice, the Baron recommends *Kemble's Coons*, brought out by JOHN LANE, of London. Most of the negro piccaninnies, and the situations in which they are placed, are extremely droll. The artist is a master of the Black Art. "First rate for Christmas time," says

THE BLITHE BARON DE B.-W.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Parlour-maid. "I THINK IT 'S SOME GAME FOR YOU, MA'AM."
Bobby. "OH, MUMMY, MAY I PLAY IT TOO?"

CANINE SAGACITY.

A Protest—and a Plea for Rational Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—I read with suppressed irritation the letter from "A Thankful Parent," about the doings of his St. Bernard pup; but when it came to the foolish epistle from Brazenface College, I could stand it no longer!

However, my chief object in writing is to ask you to open your columns to matters of proved scientific interest, such as "How to be married, though happy," "What shall we do with our bores," &c. At present I have good reason to be deeply interested in occult science. When my Aunt MARIA died, just three years ago, we had a remarkable premonition of the fatal event. The housemaid was gently wiping with a soft cloth one of a pair of valuable vases, when, without any warning whatsoever, it flew into a thousand pieces. *One month later, to the very hour, my Aunt Maria died!*

Now, Sir, two days ago, the warning was repeated. The *same* housemaid, with the *same* cloth, was dusting the remaining vase, when, to use her own words, it "exploded," as its fellow had done. The most serious issues are involved for myself and my two surviving aunts, and I should like to appeal to any students of the occult who may be able to enlighten me as to which of us is this time indicated. My own impression is that it is Aunt RACHEL, but she herself believes that her nephew is meant, that is myself. You will see at once that a matter of this kind is of infinitely greater moment than the tricks of animals, however wonderful they may appear upon superficial examination.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, COMMON SENSE.

[We are sorry to say that the letter signed "A. SOLOMON," of Brazenface College, and containing a dog, hen, and kitten story, is a forgery, and not written by the undergraduate of that name.—ED.]

'AFTER YOU!"

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

(Old and New.)

["'OLD-FASHIONED' writes a lament about the decay of Christmas. He says, 'Some relatives in South Africa asked me to buy them a bundle of Christmas Numbers "of the good old sort," and send them out, as they always liked to recall in the bush the happy days of childhood, and explain to the youngsters born there what a real English Christmas is like. . . . I have bought all that I have seen published, but, except on the title-page, I can't find anything about Christmas in them.'"—*Daily Telegraph.*]

OLD lovers of fun, drum this puzzling conundrum
Well into the ears of a cynical age:
What, what *has* become of that Christmas which some of
The elderly scanners of picture and page
May haply remember? About mid-December
We used to look forward to frolic and fun,
To holly's red glories, and jolly ghost-stories;
But now all is dismal, and dumpish, and dun.
It used to be rapture the pictures to capture
Of gallant old GILBERT and funny old "Phiz."
Oh, dear days of DICKENS! Now gloom daily thickens
And sentiment's ghoulish, and mirth a sour quiz.
For larks and roast turkey the monstrous and murky,
The horrid, hypnotic, and hideous abound.
For frightened old fat "Ma" a mystic Mahatma,
Or other grim humbug will "flourish around."
For pursy old pater, whose mouth like a crater
Gaped wide with a genial fit of the creeps,
When it was not laughing, or joyfully quaffing,—
Some dim, dreadful demon from Stygian deeps,
Some Beardsleyesque bogey, to scare the old fogey,
From *fin-de-siècle* Fancy's dark vaults will emerge,
And charnel-house creatures, with vague vampire features,
Will drive honest souls to insanity's verge.
And all this as—jollity! Not of such quality
Christmassy "creeps" in the simple old times,
When SAM READ enchanted with Old Granges, Haunted,
And "BOZ" gave us genial ghosts in the *Chimes*.
But Christmas, where is it? The annual visit,
As "Old-Fashioned" says, Christmas Numbers record
Alone on their covers. But true Christmas lovers
By horrors plus cynical smartness get bored.
We don't laugh, we snigger! We're better and bigger—
Yes, thanks to Modernity, School Boards, and Art—
Than were the poor creatures whose uncultured features
Would break into grins, or let maudlin tears start
At fun and the pathos *we* call bleat and bathos,
In old Christmas numbers by DICKENS & Co.,
Mere compounds of snivel and horse-collar drivel—
At least *our* sage oracles label them so.
No, my dear "Old-Fashioned"! your plea so impassioned
For genial, gay Christmas Numbers is vain
In days when the jolly plus holly mean folly
To up-to-date pundits whose heart runs to brain!

Not so Pretty in English.

(Three friends meet at Monte Carlo.)

First Friend. No, I'm not staying here. Just run over from Cannes.

Second F. And I from Fat.

Third F. And I'm with my people at Chin.

[We presume the travellers referred to Cannes, Grasse, and Menton.—ED.]

OLD BUFFER'S BOXING-DAY REFLECTION.

GR-R-R-R! Yesterday I *did* run loose!
To-day pang-wracked, perspiring, puffing,
I feel *I* am the Christmas goose,
And spoilt by too much *stuffing*.

FATHER CHRISTMAS—"UP-TO-DATE."

THE LOVES OF THE HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

A HOLLY for several winters, when decked in his finest array of ruddy berries, had sent his most tender regards by means of the blackbirds, missel-thrushes and starlings to the object of his love, a beauteous Mistletoe attached by force of circumstance to a crabbed old Ribston Pippin, but the bird-messengers never brought him any satisfactory reply, so the poor Holly bitterly bewailed that such a coy dependent should be permitted to enslave his fancy with the constant loveliness of her charms. Nevertheless, he was persuaded that the open and undisguised fashion in which he waved kisses to her, whenever the wind blew favourably, would sooner or later result in some encouraging response. Meanwhile the Ribston Pippin regarded him with such undisguised jealousy that one fine autumn he produced no more than a couple of bushels of sour fruit, and was promptly condemned to death in the winter by the Dirtman or common gardener. Soon afterwards the Holly was visited by a chatterbox of a Tomtit, who said, "Miss Mistletoe is quite alive to your passion, but she dares not return it through fear of her foster-parent. You must therefore take her bashfulness at its true worth and hope on, for you have indeed a fair chance." The Holly was so elated with this news that he immediately prepared himself for a grand Christmas display, when he would rival a Highland soldier in the grandeur of his scarlet and green garb. At the same time he begged the Tomtit to convey the assurance of his undying devotion to the Mistletoe. No doubt his message was duly delivered, for never had the Mistletoe shown such chaplets of snowy pearls. It was shortly after this display of mutual feeling that little Tina, the daughter of the Squire, accompanied her father round the gardens.

"Oh! how beautiful that Holly and that Mistletoe look," she exclaimed. "We must have them joined together for Christmas, eh, daddy?"

The Squire readily assented, and gave the necessary instructions to the head of his horticultural department. "I'm glad of that, Sir," said the Dirtman, "because that there 'olly spoils the laurels, and as to the Mistletoe, I believe it's killed the apple-tree." The Holly felt a contempt for the gardener which he could not express. But the bitterness of his reflection was, however, effaced by his joy. At last Miss Mistletoe was to be united with himself! He looked forward to Christmastide with all expectancy. He winced a little, it is true, when the Dirtman came with an axe and chopped his trunk in twain, but oh! what rapture when he was hung at last, intermingled with his beloved Mistletoe, in the centre of the great hall.

"Darling," he whispered to his bride, "at last we are one!"

"Yes," she murmured, "how thankful I am! Look at that horrid Ribston Pippin glaring at us from the fireplace!"

They were so happy for nearly a fortnight. Little Tina and her friends, especially *one* friend, who was familiar, came and made merry beneath their branches. "This is seeing life," said the Holly, as he wrapped the Mistletoe in his strong embrace. "Yes," she replied, "but life is the beginning of death." She was right, for, on Twelfth Night, the varlets and maids came and stripped down all the leafy decorations and placed them amid the ashes of the Pippin's trunk. But the Holly and the Mistletoe were not divided. They flew up the chimney side by side, as a couple of sparks, right into the heaven above. That same night the Astronomer-Royal reported two new stars in the firmament. He gave them names such as would probably crush the understanding of an ordinary Board School teacher, but all children of Earth, no matter what their age, who read these lines, will know them as Holly and Mistletoe, the Ever Constant.

WHAT THE CHILDREN OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES DIDN'T HAVE TO ENDURE:—THIS SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION FOR THEIR PICTURE-BOOKS!

A Fable of Vain-glorious Bipeds.

A TURKEY and a Goose were once disputing as to the superiority of their ancestry.

Quoth the Turkey: "I come from the peerless prairies of the boundless West. There pigs would not be allowed to roam as they are on those wretched English commons, where you pick up your sustenance."

Replied the Goose: "My ancestors were those who saved Rome, furnished pens for sages, and gave arrow-guides to warriors. As to pigs, let me remark that they are known to none of my quality."

In process of time a pig found the truffles, which subsequently enriched the Goose's liver, and also supplied the sausages for adorning the Turkey.

This fable shows that Gastronomy is not appreciated at its true worth by any living being as a factor in the economy of Mankind.

The Morning after the Pantomime.

Magistrate (to prisoner). I understand that you are charged with being drunk, disorderly, and obstructing the police.

Prisoner. Yes, your worship; but I was really only playing at being clown, which the constables misunderstood.

[*Discharged without a stain on his character.*

MOTTO OF THE LOG-ROLLER AT CHRISTMASTIDE.—Do as Yule be done by. *Vide* topical numbers.

DARBY JONES GOES TO ALGIERS OR—ELSEWHERE.

HONOURED SIR,—The festive season has once more come down like the Assyrian on the Earthly Fold, not, it is true, embellished with much of that Gold which seems as plentiful in the Western Antipodes as are slippers and rice at up-to-date nuptials in England, but nevertheless not lacking in the Scarlet Abundance of the repellent Holly. For my own part, much as I revere Christmas, with its Congratulations, its Cards, its Tips, its Turkeys, Geese, Plum Puddings, Mince Pies, Snapdragons, Hilarity, Inebriation, and Indigestion, without reckoning Mr. S. H. HYDE'S ever joyous holiday meeting at Kempton Park (where I trust Master JOHN FROST will not nip the jumpers by the heels), yet I am constrained this year to forego these pleasures collectively and individually, being commanded by my Medical Adviser to seek a more beneficent Atmosphere, less exhilarating scenes, and Meat and Drink of a more butterfly character. Yes, honoured Sir, I fear that my arduous exertions on your behalf, coupled with the fact that I was asinine enough to accompany a friend to Richmond to witness what he called a football match, but which closely resembled my idea of Savage Warfare in the Rainy Season, have necessitated my instant removal to a hotter place. No, Sir, I do not mean what you mean. I refer to the sun-kissed slopes of Algeria, not unknown, I believe, to Mr. GRANT ALLEN, the late Lord EXMOUTH, Marshal MACMAHON, and other hill and water toppers. But for your Mosquito-like Stab of last week, I should forbear to bayonet your feelings by informing you that I do not travel *alone* to the Land of the Turco and the Palm-tree. But now I make no scruple in telling you that the Lovely Lady undertakes the same journey at the same time, taking with her as natural Guardian and Protector her Brother, a youth who has yet to learn the *meum* and *tuum* of Life, as applied to spirits, cigars, and petty cash. But no fly ever corrupted the best kind of pomatum. For the nonce, then, not without a quivering cardiac feeling, I leave you, honoured Sir, to the Barbaric Splendours of Insular Hospitality. Sooner or later I shall be *with you again*. Sooner if the Protector-Brother goes on as he has been doing. Meantime, the Bard chortles at Charing Cross station.

Farewell, most honoured Sir, farewell,
I'm ready for the flight,
And wave to Fleet Street and Pall Mall
A well-deserved "Good-night!"
The engine whistles forth "Adieu,"
The night wind telephones
"A Merry Christmas, Sir, to you
And yours!" from DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I do not state my precise destination *for excellent reasons*. Did you ever catch a weasel asleep, &c.?

[We are afraid that our reference to the man with the cudgel has frightened D. J. Whither he has gone we know not, but we certainly should not waste a twopenny-halfpenny stamp in trying to find him at Algiers. Southend is a more likely place of refuge.—ED.]

At the Bookseller's.

Lady (to proprietor). Good heavens! What's the matter with your assistant? Is he seized with lockjaw?

Proprietor (soothingly). Don't be alarmed, Madam. He's only trying to pronounce the name of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD'S new volume of poems!

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

THAT the sentiments on the cards come from the heart, and are absolutely genuine.

That every account on its arrival will be promptly settled.

That the annual family gathering will be productive of nothing but peace and good-will.

That bonnets and mantles will be totally disregarded by the feminine portion of the congregation.

That holiday tasks will be highly popular with the young friends of Dr. BIRCH and his talented assistants.

That gratuities on Boxing day will be given with enthusiastic generosity everywhere.

That indigestible plum-pudding and rich mince pies will be regarded as professional foes by the doctors.

That there will be plenty of cabs for every one after the performances on Boxing night.

That all the Yule-tide entertainments will once more beat the record.

That *the* toast of the season will be "Long live our rates and taxes."

And lastly (biggest cracker of all) that every one who has arrived at the age of discretion sincerely regrets that "Christmas comes but once a year," and consequently can *not* be frequently repeated.

GAIT-MONEY.—The price of admission to a running contest.

PREHISTORIC WAITS.

THEIR CAREER WAS, AS A RULE, A SOMEWHAT BRIEF AND CHEQUERED ONE, OWING TO THE FASCINATION THEY HAD FOR THE REPTILE WORLD!

A PROVERB AMENDED BY ONE LETTER FOR THE OCCASION.—Moral drawn from the recent case of *Brooks* v. *Labouchere*: "*Truth* is stronger than Fiction." "BROOKS of Halesworth" probably wishes that his existence had been as fabulous as that of *Mr. Murdstone's* "Brooks of Sheffield" in *David Copperfield*.

FROM THE CRACKERY SHOP.—From the glories of the more than "purple East," and the whirling wonders of the go-ahead West, TOM SMITH has evolved such radiant varieties for his Christmas crackers as will produce ineffable delight in the hearts of all youthful Christmas-party goers and givers. Bang! "open Sesame," and "Aladdin's Discoveries" are revealed! Then "Curios from the Cape," and a boom in "The Up-to-date Cycling." TOM is not without a sense of humour when he bestows the title of "Home Comforts" on one set of crackers. Without such "home comforts" where would be the quiet and repose of home? So many and varied are the marvels of our old friend in the crackery department, that, parodying "*The Village Blacksmith*," we may say with truth,

"TOM SMITH a mighty man is he!"

And long may he reign as the King of Christmas Crackers.

Had Him There.

Young Teddy. I say, grandpa, are you fond of a round game?

Grandpa. Yes, certainly; very seasonable amusement.

Young Teddy. Then just take me to the circus at the Crystal Palace.

[*Ancestor captured, of course.*

VICE VERSÂ.

Master Harry (*whose father is expected on leave from India*). When my dad comes home for the holidays, I think I'll treat him to the pantomime.

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